



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B483.022 B

VOL. XV.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Illum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabant Soboles, unanimesque PATRES."

JULY, 1850.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.

PRINTED BY T. I. STAFFORD.

MDCCCL.

CONTENTS.

Agriculture and the Farmer,	293
Roaring Brook,	300

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS :

Irving and Goldsmith, by W. S. Colton, Lackport, N. Y.,	301
The Regicides, by S. Johnson,	313
Concoba,	316
The Smithsonian Bequest,	324
Obituary,	328
Editor's Table,	329
Notice to Contributors,	332

[3] In consequence of the absence of the Editor, several errors occurred in printing the last form. In the Editor's Table, for "Indicator," read *Indicator*; and for "Berider Forest," read *Windsor Forest*.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1850.

No. VIII.

Agriculture and the Farmer.*

B. F. M.

Nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, libero dignius.—Cicero.

DISCLAIMING all disparagement of any portion of our citizens, and denying that any class have a right to arrogate to themselves the title of the "best," we, at the same time, desire to indulge in a few reflections respecting Agriculture and the Farmer. To the consideration of these topics, we freely confess our feelings, if not our prejudices, strongly invite us. But while thus expressing our individual preference for the occupation of the farmer, we cannot omit to remark, that we respect worth, whether found in the mansion or in the hut, and ascribe the highest honor to honest labor, mental or corporeal, whatsoever may be its employment. In speaking of cultivators of the soil, we refer not to those landed aristocrats who rule their fellow-men with rods of iron, and tread the earth with steel-clad heels, nor to those miserable human beings, who, cringing beneath the lash, are doomed to hopeless servitude and abject degradation, amid the blazing lights of liberty and progress, but to the independent freemen, who till the earth with their own hands, who gain subsistence by the sweat of their brows, and who constitute, in our judgment, a large proportion of the most vigilant guardians of the public weal. These are the yeomanry—these are the men respecting whom, and whose employment, we invite attention to some general remarks.

Agriculture has been aptly styled "the nursing mother of all the arts." It is the basis, the soul of our national prosperity. Commerce and manufactures conduce, in a great measure, to wealth, but the cultivation of the soil ever has been, and ever will continue to be, the fountain-head of all the streams of a country's resources.

There can be no strength in a State, and no moral health among the people, when the tillage of the land is neglected. We can date

* An Address delivered in the Linonian Society.

the decay of the power and virtue of many nations, from the decline of their agricultural industry. In Rome, for instance, when the wise policy of fostering agriculture was pursued, a healthful spirit pervaded the whole State. Then the laws were impartially administered, and justice done to all. Then labor was accounted honorable, and statesmen, and generals, and philosophers, cultivated their farms with their own hands. It was then that from among the tillers of the soil, arose a Regulus, a Cincinnatus, and an invincible soldiery. It was then that the "seven hilled city" breathed defiance to her enemies, and caused nation after nation to yield to the resistless power of her legions, until the Roman eagle waved over the known world. But when largesses of corn were bestowed upon an idle populace, when agriculture was neglected, and war laid waste the fertile fields of Italy, then Roman virtue and Roman vigor fled. Soon intrigue, vice, and venality took firm hold in the State, until finally, the "pale mother of empires" was abandoned to her enemies, and the palaces of the Cæsars echoed the tread of the victorious barbarian. History abounds in examples illustrative of the important fact, that the enduring greatness of a nation is mainly founded upon its agriculture, and rulers will do well to increase the prosperity of those who swing the scythe and hold the plough.

That country which does not possess within itself the means of affording subsistence to its own inhabitants, is, if we may trust the voice of experience, destined to sink to early ruin. National power, based upon commerce alone, unsupported by a flourishing industry, which ministers to human wants and qualifications, must fall to the ground. Merely commercial States dependent upon contingencies for their very life-blood, and imbued with that spirit of speculation which tends to enervate the body and corrupt the mind, contain within their own bosoms the seeds of dissolution. Phenicia, Carthage, Genoa, Venice, and Holland of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, all bear witness to this fact. There is much truth in these verses of Goldsmith:

"———trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

To her unsurpassed agriculture, England is most indebted for her support in the midst of those tremendous pressures which so often have threatened to crush her. It is the unparalleled cultivation of her soil, that has enabled the British people, placed upon a rock-bound island, to excel the world in every article of fabric, to maintain an unrivaled navy, and plant their power in every quarter of the globe. Firm are the foundations of the strength of that nation, which, in time of peace, is nourished from the resources of its own industry, and in war can rely upon the strong arms and undaunted hearts of its yeomanry, to sustain its rights in the din of strife or in the roar of battle!

Upon agriculture, in addition to the necessities and common comforts

of life, depends the success of every other employment. It is agriculture that builds up our crowded cities, covers our fields with yellow grain, and diffuses life and vigor throughout the land. It is agriculture that supports our gigantic manufactories, ringing from their basement to their attic with the music of free labor, and causes our ten thousand ships to dance upon every rolling billow, and spread their sails to every propitious gale. Says Lord Erskine, in his political romance called *Armata*, "You might as well hope to see the human body in active motion, when palsy had reached the heart, or a tree flourishing after its roots were decayed, as expect to see manufactures, or arts, or industry of any description, progressive, when agriculture has declined." Paralyze it, and you weaken the pulse of enterprise, stiffen the fingers of machinery, and clip the wings of commerce. Destroy it, and you bury in one common grave, national power and individual prosperity.

Having thus briefly noticed the paramount importance of agriculture, let us next consider its transcendent influence in fostering a spirit of patriotism. It has been well said, that "a prosperous agricultural district is not without patriots to defend it." The occupation of the farmer seems to be peculiarly adapted to bind men by the strongest ties to their country. All history tells us, that those who till the soil, are the first to defend it, and the last to desert it. Others, in case of invasion, may collect their property and flee, but the farmer is compelled to beat back the enemy, or witness the devastation of his home and fields. In every nation where unfettered agriculture is the employment of the mass of the population, there the fire of patriotism burns bright. Who has not admired the attachment of the hardy Swiss to their smiling rocks and valleys! Whenever the tide of devastation has rolled towards the Alps, and the foeman's cannon thundered among her eternal cliffs, her sons, like the wild chamois, have bounded from their mountain homes, to fight to the last in defense of their "green craggy land." And in our own country, whenever the rough clarion of war has sounded, our unterrified farmers have removed the clouds that hung over our destiny, as the morning sun dispels every noxious vapor!

But this is not the only salutary influence arising from agriculture. What other occupation is so well calculated to preserve unimpaired the functions of the body! The husbandman engaged during the greater part of the day in the most healthful labor, is generally free from the diseases incident to a sedentary life. No nightmare disturbs his repose, no narrow workshop, amid the dust and smoke of the "pent city full," plants the destroyer in his frame, but rising with the lark and inhaling the fragrant breezes of the morn, he retires to sweet sleep, after invigorating toil.

"Ye who would wear a body free from pain,
Fly the rank city.
. The rural wilds
Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales,
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze,
That fans the ever undulating sky."

It can be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that agriculture, of all vocations, is best capable of yielding pure and solid enjoyment. While numerous vexations attend a professional life, while the mechanic pants but for one breath of the fresh air, and while every storm that howls over the ocean reminds the merchant of his tempest-tossed property, nothing occurs to ruffle the temper and disturb the feelings of the farmer. Free from the cares and perplexities of other pursuits, his is a quiet existence, surrounded by purity and independence. He has no favors to solicit—no flattery to bestow—no degrading duty to perform. The intrigues of trade, the plots of politics, and the quiddets and quilllets of law, do not occupy his mind. Encompassed by nature in her beauty and grandeur, with peace within and comfort without, happy is the farmer's life, amid the green grass, the bright blossoms, and the glorious sunshine! Says the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a speech delivered at an agricultural dinner at Dedham, Mass., last fall, "There is no more striking evidence of the estimation in which agriculture is held among the arts of life, than that all men, of all sorts and conditions, seem with one consent to look forward to it, as the occupation of their latter and better years. We rarely hear of a farmer coming down from the country, to exchange his pure air, and clear skies, and ample elbow room, for the smoke, and dust, and din of a crowded city. The footsteps are all in another direction. The mechanic at his bench, the merchant in his counting room, the physician and the clergyman in their studies, the lawyer in his office, the statesman in the Senate Chamber, all seem to indulge a common hope. At the end of the cherished vista of each one of them alike, may be seen a snug farm, a few trees, a strawberry bed, a flower garden, a potatoe patch, and, above all, a quiet, independent, rural home."

Another benefit proceeding from agriculture, is, its tendency to promote virtue and religion. What other employment is so fitted to subdue the storms of passion, so exempt from evil influences, and so preëminently conducive to the acquirement of that wisdom which surpasseth all understanding! The farmer, remote from scenes of vice and dissipation, free from the rivalships and jealousies which beset most pursuits, and unenticed by the allurements of the race-ground, the gaming-table, and the theatre, meets comparatively few temptations to lead him from the path of virtue. In cities where large bodies of men are thrown together in constant intercourse, vice is apt to spread like a contagion, finding its way to many hearts weakly prepared to resist its insidious advance; but in rural districts, corruption of morals among the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon seldom witnessed, from the fact that agriculturists, for the most part, pursue their labors singly, and are at the same time surrounded by the most beautiful and sublime of Nature's works, which ever coöperate to inspire sentiments of piety, to fill the mind with ennobling reflections, and elevate the soul far above the perishable things of time. In short, there is no other calling in which we are so often referred to the Great Giver of all things, and reminded of our dependence upon Him, whose rain enriches the soil, and whose sun ripens the fields.

It has frequently been urged against a rural life, that it is incompatible with mental improvement. There is, it is true, a great amount of ignorance among our agricultural population, but this is owing, not to their employment, but to their own culpable negligence. Farming prevents no one from cultivating his intellect; on the other hand, it affords ample leisure to acquire rich stores of knowledge. Instead of contracting, it expands the mind, and instead of narrowing it down to one idea, presents an inexhaustible field for observation and reflection. Agriculture has been too generally considered as a merely physical pursuit, having little or nothing to do with the principles of natural science. Nothing can be more fallacious than such a supposition. There is no avocation more intimately connected with science—none which offers a wider range for the exercise of talent and capacity. The true farmer labors not as a slave at the oar, or the sailor before the mast, but employs his mind, as well as his body; and instead of joggling along in the same track his ancestors trod before him, moves forward in a path illumined by the light of knowledge. The nature and composition of the soil—its adaptation to particular crops—the processes of vegetable development—the improvement of breeds of domestic animals—subsoil plowing—fermentation—manures, and numberless other subjects worthy of scientific investigation, all come under his special attention. How then can it be supposed that the husbandman, living in the very “treasure-house of wonders,” and engaged in a pursuit in which many of the laws of nature must be consulted and understood, is unfavorably situated for mental culture? Have not men, in all ages, distinguished in the Senate, in the Council Chamber, and in the Field, yearned towards agriculture, and gloried in being ranked among the tillers of the soil? What American has not heard of the farmers of Mt. Vernon, Monticello, Marshfield, Ashland, and Fort Hill, and who, recurring to the far past, is not reminded of the beautiful allusion of Thomson?—

“In ancient times, the sacred plow employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer’s day,
Have held the scale of empire—ruled the storm
Of mighty war—then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plow, and greatly independent lived.”

We had intended to point out a few other advantages resulting from agriculture, to dwell at some length upon the many inducements it offers to all, and to look more closely at its moral, political, and national influence. But the extent to which our remarks have already been drawn out, renders this impossible. Let us next briefly advert to its present condition, and enumerate some of the obstacles which impede its general progress.

Until within a comparatively recent date, but little had been done for the improvement of agriculture. No one who has lived half a cen-

tury, can contrast its former with its present state, without being astonished at the beneficial changes which so short a period has wrought. Indeed, some of our most common agricultural implements, as the fanning-mill, the corn-sheller, the cultivator, the horse-rake, and the reaping and threshing machines, are the inventions of the last forty years. Nor is the time long gone by, when a large portion of the land in our older States, instead of increasing in productiveness, was yearly deteriorating, and many a farmer, ignorant of science and unaccustomed to the use of manure or compost, pursued a most exhausting system of husbandry, until an impoverished farm compelled him to "pull up stakes" and turn his face towards the generous soil of the West. But a new era has dawned upon agriculture. On every side we behold indications of an awakening interest in its prosperity. The clouds which have hitherto enveloped it are now rolling away, and the spirit of improvement, under the impulse of Science, is rapidly developing itself both on this and the other side of the Atlantic!

Of the various causes which are combining to effect this improvement, it may be well here to mention some of the most prominent.

The application of Botany to tillage has contributed, in a considerable degree, to the success of husbandry. Chemistry, too, is rendering essential service to the tiller of the soil. In the hands of men of the highest attainments, it is pushing forward into regions hitherto unexplored, and elucidating the mysteries which, for ages, have surrounded vegetable physiology. Geology, also, the most modern of sciences, is throwing its light upon the pursuit of the farmer. Its teachings have given, as it were, a new value to the very ground we tread upon. By revealing to men the structure and present condition of the globe, it has done much to eradicate bad habits of cultivation, developed the internal resources of the earth, and, more than all, greatly aided in maturing that system of rotation of crops, by which our lands have been increased three-fold in fertility, and an entire revolution accomplished in agriculture. Nor has Natural History been backward in offering a helping hand to the husbandman. In ascertaining what birds are useful, and therefore to be protected and encouraged, in devising remedies against the ravages of insects, thus saving immense losses, and in many other ways it has conferred most important benefits, not only upon ourselves, but coming generations. In fact, in these days, Science, in *all* its departments, has been rendered subservient to the interests of the farmer; and, judging by the brilliant results of the past, we have good reason to hope, that it will continue to shower down the healthful waters of improvement, until agriculture, "the art of arts," shall attain the position to which it is entitled.

Agricultural Societies are also producing a happy effect. Of their incalculable power to do good, the tillage of our own country and of Europe abounds in illustrations. By association of mind, labor, and skill, they excite a spirit of generous emulation, bind the freeholders of the soil in closer ties, and diffuse among the agricultural community the results of experience, the lights of science, and the productions of art. On this very subject, Washington thus forcibly expressed

himself, in his last message to Congress: "This species of establishment contributes doubly to the increase of improvement, by stimulating to enterprise and experiment, and by drawing to the common centre the results everywhere of individual skill and observation, and spreading them thence over the whole nation." The opinion of the Father of our Country has since been fully confirmed, and such societies existing on both hemispheres, are now mighty levers, which, working day by day and all day long, are making themselves felt in every part of the civilized world.

In connection with associations of this character, an Agricultural Literature, both at home and abroad, is giving a great impulse to the cultivation of the soil. It is but a few years since the first agricultural periodical was issued from an American press, to astonish for awhile the public gaze, and then die away, for want of adequate support. That time is past. Magazines and treatises devoted to the interests of the plow, are now scattered through the length and breadth of our land, awakening the dormant energies of our farmers, bringing the rays of science to a focus, placing the results of competition in direct comparison, extending the knowledge of every useful improvement, and adding millions upon millions to our national wealth and prosperity. In fact, no language can describe, no powers of calculation estimate, the wide-spread influence of such a literature. Under the fostering care of our free institutions, it has already caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose, while, in the future, it points to an unparalleled career of agricultural achievement—to a country extending from ocean to ocean, covered with farms of unsurpassed fertility.

Having now spoken of the principal sources of improvement in agriculture, we next come to the consideration of the causes which are contributing to depress it. Of these causes, we shall allude but to the most important one—the lack of mental culture among the great mass of our rural population.

It is a lamentable fact that many, very many of our farmers are deficient in education. This, indeed, is the grand obstacle to the progress of agriculture, and against which it is the duty of every true patriot most earnestly to labor. To remove it, to disperse the mists of ignorance and prejudice, to enlighten the planter of the South, the farmer of the North, and the woodsman of the West, is to give free course to the tide of improvement, and to elevate the social position of the tiller of the soil. As long as clouds obscure the mental vision of the men who tread in the furrow, so long will their noble employment be deprived of the advantages of Science, even though the light of knowledge flash on every side, and intelligence circulate as free as the air we breathe. It is education, and education alone, that can raise our agriculture to a height of prosperity unexampled in the annals of the world, and cause our yeomanry to stand forth, in every sense, the bulwark of their native land, and the terror of her foes!

But we have already exceeded our limits. It remains only for us to say a few words respecting the influence of the husbandman upon the welfare of the republic. When we reflect that in the United States

there are four millions of persons engaged in agriculture, and that the value of the products of their industry exceeds that of manufactures, commerce, mining, forests, and fisheries, all united, we cannot resist the conclusion, that the farmer is the main pillar of our country's strength. His broad shoulders support the political edifice, his labor constitutes the solid wealth, and his vote directs the destiny, whether for weal or woe, of the greatest and most glorious nation the world ever saw ! Not only in peace does he cause every field to wave with golden harvests, and give a new impulse to every branch of business, but when dangers thicken around us, when the mighty fabric of our national government trembles to its foundation, he ever rallies beneath the starry banner of our country wheresoever it floats ! Take from a nation the tillers of the soil, the peerage of Labor, and you cut the sinews of its strength and sap the foundation of its prosperity !

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made ;
But our bold *yeomanry*, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Roaring Brook.

About sixteen miles north of New Haven, and in the town of Cheshire, a stream falls precipitately down the steep mountains that extend back from West Rock. The gorge through which it descends is of wild and remarkable beauty, and is much visited during the summer months by Tourists, Geologists, Anglers, and Pic-Nic Parties.

Leaping from the granite mountain,
Down the hemlock gorge resounding,
Flows the joyous streamlet, bounding
From its lone and shaded fountain.
Now in wild, unfettered leap
From the arched and mossy steep ;
Now in white and foaming wreath
Clinging to the rock beneath ;
Through the sunlight and the shadow,
Reaches it the fragrant meadow.

To the depths the waters falling,
On the rounded pebbles shiver ;
And the tossed and stormy river
Answers to the echoes calling.
In the deep, dark limns below,
In the eddies, circling slow,

In the whirlpool's dizzy rout,
Lurks the black and wary trout,
Oft by angler's art deluded
From his resting-place secluded.

Sheltered here by rocks o'erhanging,
Merry school-girls shout with laughter,
And the echoes chasing after,
Through the far-off rifts are clanging.
Hither come at noon-tide prime,
Such as frame the sylvan rhyme;
Such as seek for Science's light;
Maiden fair, and am'rous knight;
In the sunlight and the shadow,
By the stream that seeks the meadow.

PHILUDOR.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

Irving and Goldsmith.

BY W. S. COLTON, LOCKPORT, N. Y.

A PLEASANT author is much like an agreeable friend. If there is not before you a real and tangible *form*, possessing life, capable of action, and endued with the quick intelligence of a present and controlling mind, whose deep and constant sympathy is exhibited in a visible countenance, and manifested in numberless outward and personal acts, yet, its place is supplied by what, I think, is, at least for a time, scarcely less than an equivalent. If you are not listening to an audible voice, speaking in tones of friendship, and charming your ear with gentle, persuasive sound, there is still a silent language addressed to you from each printed page on which your eye may be fastened, whose mute appeal finds its way, with irresistible power, to the heart, and seldom fails to call forth a willing and prompt response. With such a companion, one may trim his solitary lamp, and, seating himself by the genial light of an evening fire, feel that, even in the retirement of his own secluded room, he is not all or almost alone. As he turns over leaf after leaf, and reads, now some humorous and pointed story, now some passage of rare and exquisite beauty, or of surpassing eloquence, and now a mournful or pathetic tale, a profound interest springs up slowly but surely within him. He clasps the book with a firmer and warmer grasp;—a fervor gradually kindles in his mind;—his face even discovers his inward satisfaction, and he is hardly conscious, in the intense enjoyment he receives, of the pres-

VOL. XV.

29

ence of any objects around him, or, I may almost say, of his own existence.

There are thus some authors for whose works we have an ardent and lasting attachment; we admit them at once to a most intimate place in our affections. They are adroit assailants, and they gain an easy victory, for they are so winning in their approach, so skillful in their attack, that we have neither the inclination nor the ability to forbid their entrance. We greet them always as bosom acquaintances; we know their inmost thoughts. Hence they are ever welcomed with a smile;—they are perused thrice and again with renewed and increasing pleasure, and are kept ready and waiting for frequent and familiar use. Other books may have greater celebrity. They may have been written by men of unrivaled genius; they may be possessed, intrinsically, of superior merit, both as to style and subject-matter, but they enter not into our feelings;—they strike no chord in unison with themselves;—they do not fall in, noiselessly as it were, with the current of our preëxisting thoughts and ideas, but rather disturb them, and produce only a harsh and violent recoil. We have nothing in common with them; no free exchange, no reciprocity of mutual sentiment and desire, no intimate and harmonious blending of kindred fancy and imagination, and therefore, as they fail of effecting a lodgment in the inner place of the sympathizing heart, they are treated only with cold neglect, and are laid away to sleep in dusty forgetfulness in the closet, or on the shelf. Or if the author be distinguished by so much brilliancy, by a manner so original, and by thought so new and striking, that we must perforce admire him, it is admiration alone, nothing deeper, that we feel. His splendor, to our minds, is like the chilling glare of an iceberg; we are dazzled by its brightness, but there is no *warmth* in it; the intellect is enlightened, but the heart is left unvisited by any cheering glow, unthawed by any vital heat. We seem to be walking on the tops of frozen mountains, and the view from them, doubtless, is often times wonderfully sublime; but the air is frosty about us, and we are not careful to linger long on their snow-covered summits. The reverse is true with respect to the opposite class of writers of which I have spoken. Here we are in a more congenial atmosphere. Every thing is in harmony with our own thoughts; there is nothing foreign or adverse to our private taste or predilection. We enjoy whatever of wit, or quaintness, or pleasantry, they may have, with a heartiness that makes it at once our own. There is no lack of good will in the reader's mind for such authors. So much of quiet humor, so much of sweet and unobtrusive gayety we discover in them, that all prejudice is completely disarmed, and one reads their works with a zest, and with an appreciation of their spirit, that continues unabated to the very close. They are always, therefore, the favorites of our leisure hours, and it is to them that we chiefly resort for such amusement and relief from more pressing employments as we never cease to need. Nor do we seek from them pleasure, only in its more mirthful and airy forms; but in times of despondency, when the cares of life crowd upon us in dark and unusual throngs, and a sudden gloom

clouds, for a season, our mental horizon, we find in them not unfrequently an unexpected and grateful deliverance from the urgency of our more immediate griefs. They exert over us a soothing, restraining influence, and they

“————— glide
Into our darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere we are aware.”

Thus they become dear to our hearts, linking us by cherished memories to the past, associated with many of our deepest emotions, molding, in some good degree, our characters by their secret, but powerful presence, alleviating the sorrows of our lives, helping us on in our rugged and arduous way, and weaving ever before us, for the future, the web of a brighter and purer joy.

The writings of Irving and Goldsmith are fully sufficient in illustration of these remarks. Their names even are enough to suggest to the mind the distinction now adverted to. They do not claim to be ranked among the *greatest* of authors, nor do we assert it for them. Neither the Poet, nor the graceful writer of the Sketch Book, are so regarded, either by readers generally, or by their most devoted admirers. The former makes no pretensions to a place with Milton, or Tasso, or Dante, and the latter can never be compared, in massiveness and power of language, to Johnson, or in elevated richness and exuberance of thought, to Burke. They are not to be estimated from such a point of view as this. They are rather to be looked at in a light of their own, and to be valued each according to his peculiar and individual merit; obviously in no other way. Indeed, this is, in all cases, the only true and proper method of criticism. It is quite a frequent practice with a certain class of critics and reviewers, to form, from some author of preëminent excellence, an arbitrary measure of their own, and then to try all others by it. But such a Procrustean rule is by no means favorable for an impartial judgment, and is entirely inadmissible in the formation of any just and discriminating decision. While, therefore, it is admitted that the works of Irving and Goldsmith do not entitle their authors to a rank among the very brightest constellations in Modern Literature, it is yet claimed that they shine with a native beauty and lustre, a tempered brightness, a mild glory, which is not at all the less attractive for being compared with their superiors in magnitude, perhaps, and in greater effulgence. It is not necessary, however, that we attempt to assign them their position in the literary world, for that has already been done. They have long since been located, and no one is called upon to ascertain or to defend their niche in the wide temple of Fame. They have outlived envy; they have survived every assault;—criticism itself, with respect to them, has no longer any voice. They are equally accredited among the classic authors in the language, for Goldsmith, though belonging to the past age, since he died before the beginning of the present century, is not more

decisively accepted as a writer of the best and purest English, than Irving, who is still living, our own cotemporary and fellow-citizen. In this respect they are alike, and both are sure of the love and admiration of posterity. The world, which, after all, is generally a faithful critic and an honest judge, has given its final verdict, and appointed them their appropriate and merited reward.

It will be, of course, impossible, within the narrow limits assigned to an essay like this, to venture upon an extended examination and comparison of these two authors, or even to comment, with much minuteness, on only the most important features in their writings. In ranging over so rich and varied a field as this, scarcely more than a general survey can well be expected. Particular beauties of thought or of diction cannot be dwelt upon at our own pleasure. There is a perfume in the air ;—a wilderness of flowering shrubs exhales its fragrance around, and we may think ourselves quite fortunate, if, lingering awhile amid these “thousand sweets,” and dallying with their odors, we at last shall bear away with us some little honey for purposes of future use. I shall content myself, therefore, with only glancing rapidly at a few of the peculiar points of similarity and difference between Goldsmith and Irving, with a hasty notice of their most prominent excellencies or defects.

I need not speak of Goldsmith's personal history, with which all must be familiar. His Irish descent, his singular manners, his freaks in early youth, his student life at Dublin College, his ill-planned attempt to run away from his anxious friends to America, his pedestrian journey through Europe, earning his food and lodgings by his flute, or by displays of his learning and scholarship in disputation, and singing and piping through France on his way homeward, his literary labors in London, writing in a garret and barely making a living even then, his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson and his famous Club, his rising fame and subsequent eminence in the world of Letters, are all matters so well known, as scarcely to call for an allusion. Passing over, then, the events of his private life, we come to the man of the public, to the felicitous writer of prose, and the equally successful one of poetry. And the first thing that strikes us here, in viewing him as an author, is the astonishing *versatility* of his genius. The Poet, the Historian, the Dramatist, the Essayist, the writer of Natural History, and the Novelist, are together combined in one, and it is somewhat hard to say in which character he excels. In this, as compared with Irving, he is by far his superior. He takes a more comprehensive sweep ; he has more of universality. One month he writes an Essay, the next, he sends to his publisher a Comedy, on the third, he comes out with a “History of England,” or a “History of Greece,” on the fourth, with a work on “Animated Nature,” on the fifth, he issues his poem, “The Deserted Village,” and makes his appearance at the end of the year with the “Vicar of Wakefield.” But Irving is confined to the region of prose, and to two of the three departments in that. He has no poetic fire, save as it exhibits itself in a more homely garb than verse ;—as it glows perhaps, in some highly-wrought

description, as it shines forth in some touching story, or animates with a secret and unwonted flame some paragraph of surprising eloquence and power. Nor does he much affect the graver labors of the Historian, except as his "Columbus," and his late work on "Mahomet and his Successors," may be considered as the fruit of such toil. It is not, however, because he is unequal to the task, that he does not undertake the severest drudgery of such composition, but because it affords him a theatre unsuited to the best exercise of his peculiar powers. The realm of *pathos* and of *humor* is his appropriate province. I do not deny that he has often distinguished himself in other fields of literature, but I assert that it is here that he is most uniformly and undeniably successful. Here, indeed, the chief ground of comparison between Irving and Goldsmith is to be sought. The humorous and the pathetic form for them a common territory, and one frequented by, and familiar to, them both. They enter the lists at different points, and course over separate grounds; but neither find many competitors. These peculiar characteristics, still, do not appear in them in equal degrees, or with similar modifications in regard to circumstance or place. When Goldsmith would amuse us, his humor is more *uneven* than Irving's;—it is not as well sustained, but is yet not at all less palpable and genuine in reality. His sense of the ludicrous is equally exquisite with that of Irving, but it passes from his mind more rapidly; it does not linger there, evolving, by its creative energy, a thousand grotesque shapes and fancies in such endless and bewitching variety. Goldsmith's humor is scattered over his works like the sunlight which lies, crossed and darkened by interrupting shadows, over a broken but variegated and pleasant landscape;—Irving's humor is like the light without the shade, broad, mellow, glowing with a noon-tide richness, and diffused over a surface less picturesque, I grant, but quite as beautiful with the luxuriant harvests that wave in golden plenty above it. Irving constantly reminds you of Cervantes. In fact, his only compeer and rival in the matter of pure humor, is the almost inimitable author of the chivalrous adventures of the Knight of La Mancha. Their similarity, I might nearly say their coincidence, in this particular of their writings, is more than accidental. The doughty exploits of the invincible Knight, who, attended by Sancho, his trusty squire, and mounted with helmet and shield on his high-spirited and warlike steed Rozinante, performed such mighty deeds in honor of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, are not drawn in finer and more mirth-provoking colors than are the valiant achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the courageous but unsuccessful projects of William the Testy, and the sage cogitations, the profound investigations, and mysterious ponderings of Walter the Doubter, by the pen of Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his authentic and reliable "History of New York." There is the same delicate, effective irony, the same irresistible drollery in the delineation of character and adventure in both, and it is scarcely possible to believe that they are not the productions of the same mind.

Goldsmith's humor has frequently more or less admixture of for-

eign elements with it. The author's own foibles, his own amusing idiosyncrasies, his private history, and his peculiar views of men and things, gained by rough and bitter, but kindly met experience in the world, are always suggesting to you something about the man himself, as *they* are visible in his writings; something of the individual who is, in part at least, the real subject of the story or the jest, and whose *own* life, you cannot but feel, furnished the materials for its original conception, as well as contains the true explanation of it, and ensures its effect. But Irving's humor springs from a more *intellectual* source; more from his power of *creating* ludicrous images, than from that of reminiscence or observation. It is the offspring of imagination;—it is not invigorated or fed in any great degree from knowledge. Hence it is more general in its scope, more universal in its application, as being less mingled with self. Goldsmith's humor, again, often borders on wit. He descends to particulars, and becomes salient in the minute. Irving, on the contrary, seldom or never attempts to be witty. There is a wide and obvious distinction existing here, which ought to be remembered. Wit kindles into a sudden flash—humor suffuses its object with a light, increasing gradually and gently. Wit attacks and defends—humor is non-resistant, harmless, and mild. Wit revels in a multitude of shining points—humor *glows* with a steady, broad, and uniform lustre, content with this. Wit is like a stream, dashing down from the mountains, leaping from the precipice, tumbling against the rocks, sometimes tearing off the moss, sometimes edging them with flowers, rushing onward tumultuously, now flashing through the forest, now gleaming among the hills, and moving swiftly but unerringly to its destination;—humor is like a river, noiseless, calm, winding between verdant banks, ruffled now and then by the breeze, and broken up by it into myriads of laughing waves that glimmer in the sunlight, placidly laving whatever it meets, and holding ten thousand things in earth and air reflected in its bosom.

Goldsmith is often highly antithetical, and in this particular is strongly contrasted with Irving. His antithesis, however, is never offensive. It is something more with him than mere ornament. He does not, like Macaulay, use it for *effect*, for the splendor, merely, which it brings with it, for the artificial grace it confers, to point a sentence, or to dress out a common-place thought with adventitious beauty, but he employs it mainly in a natural way, and only as occasion properly demands. His skill in the use of this embellishment, when he bestows some care upon it, is, indeed consummate; and here unquestionably lies much of his power. Antithesis, it is admitted by the best writers on Rhetoric, when rightly wielded, is a magic weapon, but abused, it produces only a false brilliancy, which is generally indicative of the exceeding shallowness of what it hides beneath. Like all other decorations of style or of thought, it may be so lavishly employed as to be valueless, or, worse still, to injure what really possesses merit, by the very glitter of its tawdry adornments. The eminent writer to whom I have alluded, with all his great abilities, is chargeable with this excessive outlay of antithesis, and it constitutes,

undoubtedly, his chief defect. But in Goldsmith we never find it, except as the natural and spontaneous product of his mind, easy, flowing, not violently strained after, but perceived without effort, and adopted without affectation. Sometimes, however, he resorts to it purposely, for the sake of satire, or to excite laughter. This comic use of antithesis he seems to have been fond of, and you may see it, or something nearly resembling it, amusingly exemplified in the following

“ELEGY ON MADAM BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who *spoke her praise*.
The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who *left a pledge behind*.
She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless *when she was sinning*.
At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when *she shut her eyes*.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has *walked before*.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her *last disorder mortal*.
Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not *died to-day*.”

This, certainly, would not be allowable in a poem of great length, or of much complexity, since by a frequent repetition of points so strongly contrasted and opposed, nothing but satiety and disgust would quickly and inevitably be generated in the mind; but it may still occasionally answer, as here, to serve the purpose of ridicule, and to provoke a smile. Yet much of Goldsmith's quaint and quiet humor was wont to flow in this and similar channels, and the reason why the

effect just stated is not oftener produced, is, I think, equally obvious with the fact. It is because the author's *self* is perpetually seen in and by his works. I have alluded to this before, but it will bear further remark. These works are often, with all their multiplicity of incident, design, or adventure, only, as it were, a gauze veil, a thin covering, through which the *individual*, in his own proper identity, is distinctly visible, though of it, perchance, *he* is wholly unaware. You are, therefore, never at a loss to discover, in the fictions of his pen, the amiability and whimsical simplicity of his character. His oddity is continually betraying itself, even when most elegantly and artfully disguised, and the Poet and the Essayist conceal but poorly the man. But because you cannot help loving the eccentricities of the latter, you are quite willing to find them reproduced or suggested to you again in the former, and are glad to recognize the countenance of your friend in the productions of his mind. And thus, by this unconscious representation of his own personal peculiarities in his works, there is infused into them an element of no common potency, a principle of vitality, whose lasting influence is ever possessed of sufficient efficacy to secure him a host of zealous and admiring friends. This is his power of awakening and engaging the sympathy, as well as of winning the affections of his readers. Here he has few, I had almost said, no equals. If an author gains our affections, he has, generally speaking, in technical phrase, carried his point. If he reaches the hidden springs of our most secret emotions, and unseals them by his touch, so that these invisible fountains, bursting forth at his bidding, flow in the way and measure he has assigned them, he may be well satisfied that little more is to be desired. He has, so to speak, identified his own thoughts and feelings with those of his readers, which is, of all things, perhaps, the most difficult to attain. In the extent to which Goldsmith does this, I can compare him, I think, only with Charles Lamb, in whose "Elia" and "Letters," especially in those contained in his correspondence with Colridge, there is exhibited the same rare talent, the same wonderful ability in the author of *projecting* himself into his writings; of working into them his own individuality; of engraving upon them his own distinctive features in such bold relief that they can never be effaced; of impressing them with such marks of his own personality that by no act of disintegration can he ever be separated from his works. In this, without doubt, may be discovered the key to that surprising popularity which Lamb has enjoyed.

But if Irving, as I have said, is not particularly distinguished for the use of antithesis, he is not deficient in all those qualities which constitute a truly finished and imitable style. In purity of language, in a certain indefinable but ever present sweetness of expression, and in perfect ease and elegance of diction, he is not surpassed by Addison himself, always acknowledged to have had, in these respects, no superior in the English tongue. The chasteness and entire simplicity of the dress in which he robes his thoughts, are equally admirable, and it is not too much to say, can never be excelled. There are no

harsh metaphors, no far-fetched illustrations, no forced, unnatural similes, showing either bad taste or worse invention, no incoherent assemblage of vagrant images, no excess of coloring in description, or want of verisimilitude in representation to be found anywhere in all his numerous productions. You open one of his works much as you would enter an extensive and skillfully cultivated garden, expecting every sense to be gratified—looking for order amidst variety, unity in complexity, in seeming confusion a visible design and beauty pervading all. Every weed has been eradicated, every superfluous branch lopped off, and you walk delighted through a labyrinth of cool and shaded paths, hung with golden fruit, and odorous with the scent of innumerable flowers. The reader is never wearied by sameness, never tantalized with the hope of coming novelty, only to find it flatness, only to be met by an insipid continuity of threadbare truths and observations, nor, when panting for refreshment, when thirsting for amusement, does he discover, to his mortification, that he has been assiduously chasing the shadow of a substance, following a deceitful mirage over arid and sandy plains, and laboriously following—nothing! Irving is elaborate but not stiff, vivacious but not flippant, dignified but sufficiently assimilative and condescending, and manifesting occasionally great vigor of thought, while, at the same time, a fancy inexhaustibly fertile, yet corrected and severely guided by judgment, ever attends upon his facile pen. His only or chief fault is that he sometimes sacrifices *force* to *finish*, when an extreme polish, it is clear, is not specially desirable.

I have thus attempted to designate and compare such of those general traits of character in the writings of these two authors, as seemed most deserving of notice. In completing the plan of this Essay, I will briefly advert to one or two other points which may be deemed to possess interest or importance.

Goldsmith is better known among ordinary readers as a Poet than as a writer of prose, though far more voluminous in the latter capacity, than in the former. A close perusal, however, of his poetical effusions will suffice to show that his genius, viewed in this aspect, is not of the *highest* order. He is more a poet of the *heart* than of the *intellect*. He is no rover in the heaven of mind;—he seldom aims, with Byron, to flap an eagle-wing against the sun. Thus you will nowhere see him soaring to such elevation of thought, to such proud heights of poetry, with a sweep so unbounded, so commanding, and of such amazing strength, as the author of “*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,” in the following stanzas from the third Canto of that poem. Others might be referred to, but these will serve to illustrate :—

“The sky is changed! and such a change! oh night!
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath *found a tongue*,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

Sky, mountains, rivers, winds, lake, lightnings! ye
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, *and a soul*
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; *the far roll*
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
 And ye like those within the human breast?
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

But Goldsmith's power is exerted principally in awaking joy or sorrow, in arousing the sympathies, exciting the feelings, and carrying captive the affections. He walks *humili pede*, upon the common ground of our suffering, rejoicing, sensitive nature, content with being the object of *love*, if he cannot be always that of wonder, and, possessing this, better pleased with a secure, though unpretending cottage on the Earth, than with a glittering but precarious palace in the skies. How affecting, for instance, how strictly pathetic, is that beautiful image in "The Traveler," often quoted, but never too much admired:—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart *untravell'd* fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a *lengthened chain*."

The reference, it will be remembered, is to his brother, the "Village Preacher," whom, it is touchingly said in "The Deserted Village,"

"Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile."

The same exquisite tenderness and depth of *feeling*, not compass of *thought*, is seen throughout all of these poems, which are his greatest works. They are characterized by beauty, elegance, sententiousness, an almost unexampled smoothness of versification, and a naturalness and a perfection in his painting and scenery equally unrivaled. This is sufficient to immortalize them, and from this, their proper credentials

to a perpetuity of fame are derived. I do not deny that he is sometimes sublime. Thus, in "The Deserted Village," speaking still of the amiable pastor, kind and gentle, and all whose "serious thoughts had rest in heaven," he follows with this splendid passage :

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The compliment here given to virtue, the tribute allowed here to goodness, is paralleled, perhaps, indeed, surpassed only by Horace :

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
* * * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum serient ruinae."

But his native atmosphere is not that of sublimity. His muse is commonly indisposed to these higher flights, and he appears constrained to labor strenuously in the attempt. Now a poet of the loftiest stamp is something more than this. He stands as the high priest of Nature, to minister at her altar, and to interpret her wonderful oracles to uninitiated and grosser men ; translating the manifold teachings, which, from her thousand tongues, are conveyed in thrilling language to his willing ear, into those less intangible forms that are better suited to the vulgar eye. The world is full of beauty ; a beauty unutterably pure and great ; a glory inconceivably bright, enrapturing, serene ;—an ocean of perfect loveliness, wide and deep, ever rolling in its free, rejoicing billows upon the thoughtless, sensual, debased, and sin-besotted soul of man. Poetry is the expression of this beauty in verse ; the rendering, so to speak, of a heavenly language into the vernacular of earth, and it is the poet's task to accomplish this noble and delightful purpose. Therefore his genius should be universal in its kind ; his mind attuned to every melody, a harp of myriad strings, vibrating at every breath, and from which the fitful breeze shall ever depart, bearing away innumerable commingling tones on its retreating wings. Such a poet, then, as well for the sublime as the beautiful, as well for what is elevated, terrible, or majestic, as for that which is only adapted to soothe, when expressed in poetic numbers, or to win, or to instruct, will have a quick and appreciative eye. All the deep analogies and similitudes of the vast external world will be to him known and familiar :—its profoundest mysteries will be shadowed forth in dim, gigantic outlines before his thoughtful vision. His soul, I have sometimes thought, is like some clear, unruffled lake, remote from the turbid streams of polluted fountains, amid a fairy landscape, encircled by grand and glorious forests with a foliage of ever-varying hue, hoar and lofty mountains standing in solemn greatness around it, and looking down in silent grandeur into its peaceful bosom, untouched by storm or tempest, lying in calm repose, with the unchanging heavens above, and

the sun and stars and all the bright orbs, that across their eternal face, wheel on, from age to age, in their far, mysterious way, mirrored evermore in the stillness of its tranquil depths.

Such a poet is *not* Goldsmith; Milton, it may reasonably be asserted, is; for in the "Paradise Lost" may be found all the higher qualities of poetry, while in "L' Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," in the "Comus" and "Lycides," are discoverable those lighter and more delicate ones, which, in combination with the former, alone constitute such perfection. But our kind-hearted, eccentric poet claims not this eminence, and it is arrogated for him by no one else.

Of Goldsmith's Dramatic works, little need be said. His power in this species of composition does not appear to have been remarkable. Neither of his Comedies, "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer," although meeting in their day with some favorable reception from the public, exhibit anything very noticeable. The principal characters, such as Sir William Honeywood, Lofty, Croaker, and Olivia in the former, and those of Sir Charles Marlow and son, Hardcastle, and Hastings in the latter, are not very strongly marked, and cannot, with the exception, perhaps, of the character, Tony Sumpkin, be pronounced to have much originality.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a monument of his genius. It is one of the few, exceedingly few, novels that will bear repeated perusal. There is a charm about it, nevertheless pleasing for reiterated enjoyment of its sweetness, always fresh, always attractive, and will never cease to be read by all the lovers of pure, simple, unstudied, genuine fiction.

The "Essays" are, of all his prose works, probably, most widely known, and most deservedly popular. They are extremely elaborate, entertaining, and instructive. The beautiful allegory, or tale, "Asem, the Man-hater," is only excelled by Addison's "Vision of Mirza."

Irving's productions are so numerous, that no particular notice, much less, criticism, can be bestowed on any. He is seen with peculiar advantage, I think, in the "Sketch Book." Here his varied powers are best displayed, and while "The Wife," "The Broken Heart," and "The Widow and her Son," are read with tearful interest, the reader will never fail to laugh over the legends of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," or the comical description of pugnacious, consequential, and beer-loving "John Bull." Of all his other works, there is no room to speak; but the knowledge which every one possesses of them, will supply abundantly the deficiency.

Thus, imperfectly, have these world-renowned authors been surveyed. Over the brightness of their future fame, no cloud, we are sure, will ever rise. They will be held in remembrance, in thought, in love. Their faults are few; their merits, great. They have left behind them lasting memorials for all time to come. From Irving we may look for greater efforts still; but each is treasured in the hearts of millions, and each, without exaggeration, may, with the unforgotten Roman, prescient of enduring renown, affirm,

"I have finished me a trophy,
 More unperishing than brass,
 Loftier than the royal structure
 Reared from an eternal base,
 Which in Egypt's ancient land
 Lifts its head above the sand ;
 Trophy, which the eating shower
 Tries in vain to waste away ;—
 Which the north wind, in its power,
 Cannot crumble to decay ;
 Nor the countless years of time,
 Rolling on in track sublime.
 I shall never all expire,
 E'en though in the grave I lie ;—
 Still shall burn a quenchless fire,
 Though its earthly fuel die ;
 And *along the glowing PAGE*
I shall live from age to age."*

The Regicides.

BY S. JOHNSON.

HISTORY, in respect to many of the most significant events and personages, is an appeal to the future. It records the fact, or depicts the character and leaves it to front the world, and make its way as best it can, through periods of misapprehension and misinterpretation, down to an age that can understand it and do it justice. Gradually the matter unfolds its import and relations. The mists of passionate and partial estimation at length clear away, and the deed and the man find their true level.

And this delay of judgment will be proportioned to the breadth of the scheme in which the event had place. If the plot covers ages, and is one that involves national destinies or a great progressive movement of the race, it may be centuries before a Hildebrand or a Bonaparte shall clear themselves, and stand comprehensible and at their true size before us.

Two hundred years have begun to set Oliver Cromwell at his true point of meaning and worth ; and that fact emboldens us to hope that the great movement in which he bore a part, is clearing itself to the world's slow apprehension. If so, it will yet be that England's high

* Hor. Car. Lib. III, 30, Tr. by Hermeneutes.

court of justice, her regicide tribunal, the trial of the man Charles Stuart, and that stern and bloody thirtieth of January to which he had long been hastening will be seen in their true significance. Meantime we have no breath to spend in censure or laudation; let us simply strive to *understand* that great English act of regicide.

The trial and condemnation of Charles the First, mark an epoch in the great struggle between absolutism and constitutional freedom in England and for the world. Despotism had now for some ages had free course, and mounting ever higher, had bloomed out at last in this second Stuart.

Antocracy could no farther go. Never was there a more complete specimen of the absolute, than in Charles the First. Through his shallow nature, its full aims and all its aspirations stood revealed. It was now inevitable that a decision should be had, whether this style of kingship, of divine right, capable of no wrong, irresponsible, inviolable, above all law and justice, should be the style of English royalty, or whether a commons and a constitution had yet a place and force on British soil. By the course of events, and mainly by his own fatuity, this great issue of principle was made to involve the person of a King. Charles contrived to personate Absolute Monarchy in the eyes of his subjects, and the blow they meant for the thing signified in him, lighted on him, because he would be its symbol.

And now the hour of that decision was come. Charles Stuart confronts this high tribunal, to answer as a man for his misdeeds as a King. Hitherto the Kingly *person* has been sacred from the touch of justice. But here developed by the times, here are gathered stern men not fearing to judge a King; to whom royalty is too thin a veil to hide the fact and the turpitude of crimes against liberty. *He did these things, even the man Stuart*, and he shall answer for his deeds even as another. He is guilty of compassing the subversion of all the liberties of all Englishmen, and has sought it these many years. Beyond every other, lo, this is the man of many treasons, incomparably the highest of criminals in aim and effort, in purpose and deed. He shall answer for it. And if his blood is most ancient and most royal, it cannot more than expiate for his high offense. For crimes faint and shadowy to his, how many have spilt their plebeian, how many their noble blood on the block! And why should the even hand of justice be stayed for him?

A great stage was completed, and a new era opened, when that tyrannicide broke, as a deed done, on the startled nations. A new style of royalty from that day became necessary. True, the Stuarts will do after their kind, and since there must be another and another Stuart still, they must even go on grasping still at the impossibility of Absolute Monarchy, but with fainter hand, and with the foregone conclusion of inevitable defeat. The second Charles and his unfortunate brother, true sons of their sire, were needful to illustrate the justice of their father's doom, and fill up that which remained of despotism. It was needful that England should be exhausted of her patience, and convinced that she did not hold the dogmas of indefeasi-

ble sovereignty and passive obedience. And these two masters very effectually taught her that lesson. She was then prepared to reaffirm, in all its essentials, the judgment of the regicides—to fling from her forever both that incurable breed of despots, and the doctrines of despotism they had taught her. The revolution of 1688 was but that of 1648 repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, and bating the blood. And henceforth whoso would reign in England must hold by another tenure, and demean himself in another style from that of the Stuarts.

The true honor of the regicides is that they discerned and dared to pronounce the real judgment of England; and their crime was that they pronounced it with such emphasis, and forty years before England knew her own meaning. They stood up before the world and proclaimed the true tenure of kingship, and sternly illustrated the amenability of the monarch to the law. Their act was stern. In any narrow view of the times it was impolitic. To the immediate interests of English freedom it was disastrous. But who is competent to say, that measured broadly by the great movement in which it had its place, and estimated by its whole influence on the subsequent history of England and the world, it was not eminently the deed for the times? But for that deed going down into all English minds, and working in them through the darker ages of suffering and dishonor that were to come, and compelling all men to handle in their thoughts this question of the kingly tenure, who shall say that a wholly different history of England had not been to be written from that day to this? They who did that deed, hid themselves in what ends of the earth they might, or paid the forfeit with their blood. But their deed would not hide, and could not be hanged and quartered. That remained for men to gaze at and think of. A tempest of honor and malediction rose against it, to the heart's content of King and court. The nation vociferously repudiated the deed. Nevertheless it was bread cast upon the waters to be found after many days. The seed dropped through the angry waves down into the soil beneath, and struck root and bore fruit in after times.

And not only was that act an influential element in the subsequent reform of English royalty; it was a deed not done in a corner. It had a significance for all Europe. The sound of it went over the continent, everywhere causing the ears of despots to tingle, and stirring the hearts of oppressed millions with they knew not what of hope. It has been felt as a prescience in all the closets of despotism. The world over the kingly condition has not been what it was, before that beacon glared on them across the channel. The English regicide was one of those signal and striking events which catch the eyes of men and impress their hearts. It contained a doctrine and taught it effectually. It quickened every one of those new ideas already working in European society, which have since then availed at least to put an end forever to peaceful oppression. It had its place among the influences that have everywhere made men restless under tyranny, each generation more resentful of absolute domination, and more ardently panting for a liberty which yet it has lacked the capacity to

realize. It helped to originate those revolutionary currents which have swept and are still sweeping kingdoms and kings, people and potentates, onward through the terrible vortices of revolution, never to be arrested till the nations shall be free. Alas! for the work that is made of it! Alas! for the scenes of frenzy and blood in which freedom is made to blush for its advocates, and the shadow is again and again turned back on the dial of history! But there is hope in it. Fallen Hungary shall yet arise, and her banished heroes will not have suffered in vain. In Italy the breaking night shall yet give place to day. And France, duped, infatuate, recreant France—she that sprang first to the race, and should have been now at the goal, she too shall return and walk once more with dear-bought wisdom, and with success, over the course she has once lost by phrenzy, and once by fraud.

And it was but our right that some of those regicides should lay their bones with us.

We too were preparing in due time to sit in judgment on kings, and thanks in no small measure to their deed, and in some measure to their presence amongst us, our judgment did not differ very greatly from theirs. The day of trial had not yet come, but here, beyond what the whole earth could give them elsewhere, they found a spirit that could sympathize with theirs. It was not safe caverns in our hills alone, and quiet groves in village greens, that they found among us. The spirit was already abroad that developed itself fully a century later. The declaration of Independence was working in men's hearts, and getting itself ready to be uttered. And well might those who like these men, had dared all things for liberty, who felt themselves competent to judge a king, find their last refuge here. And when, two centuries after, the ashes of one of those men are unearthed among us, we may well gaze on them reverently—for this man was one of the prophets of Freedom.

Conoosa.

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK.

T. C. D.

Who hath not heard with wonder of that vale
Where Mohawk rolls his lazy stream along!—
Where Nature now her fairest scenes unfolds—
Anon displays her wildest, grandest forms!
With seeming fondness hang Italian skies,
And o'er the outspread plains and hills beneath
Pour genial warmth; and wake to gladsome life
All things that sleep, in robes of beauty wrapped;
And clothe with flowers and brightness every spot,
Surpassing far our dreams of loveliness.

Long years ago—before the white man came—
 Those sunny hills and meadows stretching far,
 Had ne'er been taught to yield their fruit to man,
 But mighty forests waved their rugged arms
 In solemn grandeur ; and their leafy tongues
 To passing breezes whispered dreamily,
 And seemed to speak with dotage of their youth.
 'Twas long—oh ! *long* before these noble elms—
 The proudly arching glories of our time—
 Had fixed their infant roots in forest soil,
 And in the dimly-lighted woodland glades
 Unfolded first their leaves and grew to strength :
 'Twas long before a Pilgrim Father here
 Had stayed his wandering feet, and knelt in prayer
 And praise, and lifted up his grateful heart to God.

This valley, *then*, the 'redman' called his home ;—
 Amid its forests dwelt ; and on its hills
 Chased with his bow the timid, spotted deer ;
 And on its waters urged his light canoe,
 And when the waning evening's purple light
 Glowed in the western sky, and through the leaves
 Stole down and bathed his lodge in ruddy light,
 He thought that Maneto had blessed the vale—
 The loveliest nook of earth, save Wyoming.

'Tis of those times this simple legend speaks—
 Its *scene* this valley. Those of whom it tells
 Gave to its stream the name it bears—their own—
 And sent their memory down to later days,
 Clad in the garb which ancient legends wear.

But ere their simple story utterance find,
 Come back, in thought, with me, and in those times
 As 'twas, behold it *now*. For words are weak ;
 But Fancy's wing, though 't soar among the stars
 From loftier flights, may deign perchance to stoop,
 And hovering, outspread, o'er the humble theme
 A shade of beauty cast ; come then with me—
 Upborne by a fragile bark of graceful form,
 Long since shaped out by rudely skillful hands,
 Float slowly down the darkly shaded stream—
 Mark countless beauties as we glide along,
 And view, at length, our legend's ancient home.

Lo ! where, among the rocks, the waters dash,
 And gush, and seethe, and fly about in spray,
 Now leaping o'er some brink—a foaming mass—
 Or rushing down some slope with furious speed,
 And spinning round in dizzy vortices
 Unceasingly. But ere their flow is swift,
 A blooming islet, with its front opposed,
 Divides their band ; a stream on either side
 At once begins the hurrying, swift descent,
 And dashing torrents, foaming, meet below.

Take here your stand, and with me view the scene.
 Above, the waters come a silent stream,
 And forest monarchs line the fertile shores,
 And bound the vision with their leafy shade ;
 On either side are sloping, rock-ribbed banks ;
 These forests clothe, between whose shaggy trunks,

And o'er whose waving boughs the eye can catch
 The rocky ramparts of th' eternal hills—
 Grown gray with age—moss-hung—and crowned with woods.
 Below, a mingled scene of woods and rocks
 And waters wildly dashing, meets the eye,
 And, built of daring granite, high cliffed isles,
 With scattered shrubs and scanty herbage clothed,
 Save where from these and from the parent rock
 The lapse of countless years, with slow decay,
 Hath wrought a soil more genial: there arise
 Low, stunted pines and cedars thick with gloom,
 While at their feet and 'neath their sombre shade
 Bright wild flowers spring and cheer the dreary waste.
 Bold beetling cliffs o'erhang the dismal scene,
 And on the scattered, shapeless rocks below
 Frown proudly: 'tis a place of rocks and shade—
 Ostoneoye.

But beauty robes the vale;
 Upon its borders arching elms entwine
 Their spreading branches,—up whose aged trunks
 The woodbine creeps, and hides the shaggy bark
 Beneath a robe of green; and willows bend
 And trail their flexile branches in the stream.
 With vine-clad trees, and thickly scattered flowers,
 And softened sunbeams trembling 'mong the leaves
 Thus beautiful—it hath a charm of place
 Which adds to every beauty sweeter power:
 Upon the very verge it rests between
 The beautiful, and that which hath no grace
 Beyond the light upcurling watercrest,—
 'Tween smiles and frowns—'tween light and dismal gloom:—
 Above the waters sleep—below they surge—
 Above, a thousand warbling throats resound—
 Below, the hoarsely-roaring waterfall:—
 And ranged round all, the time gray battlements
 Of rock, like guardians, smile upon their ward,
 And frown on all beside.

Such was the place,
 And Oneontha there had built his lodge,
 Upon the island, 'neath its pleasing shades.
 'Twas rudely formed—the work of savage skill—
 The work of hands that oftener, dyed in gore,
 Found warm delight, than using peaceful art.

But woman's hand displayed its gentler skill,
 The clambering woodbine, and the tendrilled vine,
 By gentle training wooed to change their course,
 Obeyed Concoosa's guiding hand, and turned,
 Checked in their wanderings, to the humble lodge,
 And o'er it poured their wealth of rustling leaves,
 And lent their folds of changeful drapery
 To hide its rudeness and to give it grace.

There Oneontha dwelt:—far up the stream
 Dwelt his war-men, and chosen warriors held
 The rocky entrance toward the rising sun,
 Where bloody foemen ranged—the Mengwe, fierce
 To stain their ruthless hands with Mohawk blood.
 And with him there in sweet seclusion dwelt
 Concoosa; fond she was—and loved her lord.

While she was yet unused to the changing years,
One only sister, younger and more fair
To look upon, beside her, passed in play
The dreamy hours of Summer : Winter came—
And passed—and Spring ; and the third Summer came,
And with its passing breezes fanned her cheek—
Her fevered cheek—for health was there no more.
The Great Spirit pitied the suffering child,
And when the chilling winds of Autumn blew,
And snowflakes 'gan to hide the dusky earth,
He kindly took her to His loving breast,
And made the happy hunting-grounds her home.

Conoosa grieved that she had lost her mate,
But mourned not long : as the falling pebble breaks
The rest of quiet waters, causing waves
To roll in widening circles to the shore,
So the death of one she loved, wild tumult waked
Within her bosom, and it heaved with grief :
But less and less the wavelets swell in bulk,
And longer, slower, dying surges roll,
Till all is still,—again the waters sleep.
So sorrow's pulses, in the early years
Of childhood, move the placid stream of joy
At first more harshly ; then with fainter power ;
And more faint—till it flows again in peace.
So passed away Conoosa's earnest grief,
And all, once more, seemed bathed in sunny light.

The noiseless march of years went slowly by,
And brought no change—save that she grew in years,
And simple grace of savage womanhood—
Till she became a bride—till she, the fair
And frail one, clung to the man of mighty deeds,
And owned him lord—the master of her will.

Then she, with varying solace, whiled away
The hours that passed, in dreamy loneliness,
From early morn, till dewy eve. At times
She plucked the simple flow'rets from the turf—
Fair types of her own pure simplicity—
Or listened to the cheering notes of birds,
And grew as glad, and light in heart, as they ;—
Then turned, and wondered that the sunny light
Not yet was tinged with redness from the West,
To tell the coming of the absent one ;
And when she heard his paddle's rapid dip,
Made haste to meet him at the sandy cove,
Where, (ended now the day,) he moored his bark ;
Then, fondly clinging to his tawny arm,
With eager tone, besought him to unfold
The various dangers of the long—long day—
How he had met them—how o'ercome them all—
Then joyed in his success, and told her tale
Of all the woe and gladness she had known
In that long solitude, from morn till night.

Thus time passed on, by gladsome meetings marked,
Till on her knee there played an infant boy.
Unheeded then, the hours flew swiftly by,
And brought no thought of weariness. She cared

No more how slowly moved the falling sun,
 Nor looked to see the West with purple glow,
 When he went proudly to his glorious rest.
 Far other cares employed her mother mind :
 With eager fondness watched she now her boy—
 Guessed at his wants, and strove to satisfy
 Them all—and watched the wanderings of his eyes ;
 And for the babblings of his little lips,
 Shaped meanings full of love ;
 And when the gemlike stars in night's dark veil,
 With softer brilliance than the orb of day,
 Began to burn, she grieved to cease her toil
 And place him on his couch of leaves, to sleep.

Amid such joys the Summer quickly sped,
 And Autumn brought an end of joy—brought grief.
 One morn, as thro' the leaves of many hues,
 Upon their lodge, the early sunlight fell,
 Arose a startling cry ; and terrible—
 Above the roar of rushing waters heard :
 Soon, o'er the rocks, came one, with hasty feet,
 To tell its meaning. Hard would be, that day,
 The strife with countless foes, and wily art ;
 The Mengwe, brought by stealthy marches near,
 Upon the plains, below the rocky gorge,
 Held hideous council,—rousing in their breasts
 Most fearful rage, and fiendlike thirst for blood :
 Their murderous purpose plain, they sought, that day,
 Decisive victory, or death. And some,
 With eager feet, flew, with the rising sun,
 To spread along the startling news,
 And call their fearless brethren to the field of war.

The fleeting hours seemed slow, till 'mong the trees
 Innumerable dusky forms, in silent haste,
 Moved on to meet the foe. Glorifying in strength,
 Her noble brothers went—cheering the march—
 And Oneontha sprang away, in pride,
 Fearlessly to swell the mass of moving life.
 Soon all had passed ; and, save the sullen roar
 Of waters, rose no sound ; the birds of song,
 Whose tiny breasts at morn seemed full of joy,
 Were still, and warbled not.

Let us not look
 Upon the field of blood, and count the streams
 Which that day swelled the fearful crimson flood,
 That from the ground, for speedy vengeance cries
 To Heaven, but seek the mother, with her child,
 And strive to feel a sympathy in wo.
 Awhile in doubt she stood ; and, wrapt in thought,
 As passed from view the last departing form :
 And so had stood ; but on her wakeful ear,
 There fell the prattlings of her little boy,
 Who, on the sunny sward, to silence awed
 So long, by the many moving forms, his voice
 Now raised, and clapped his little hands for joy.
 That voice recalled her from her thoughts of wo,
 And in her bosom lit the lamp of hope.

An hour she passed in childlike play,
Upon the sward, beside her little one ;
And thought, with sadness, of the time
When she, a child, before her father's lodge,
Upon the turf, with her sister, passed in play
The dreamy hours of Summer, and fondly looked
On him, and fed her hope.

An hour had passed—
The fearful war-cry smote upon her ear—
More fearful made by echoing woods and rocks,
And her own fear. Nor ceased that cry to swell
And die away, with every fitful gust,
For hours. Then, for a time, it seemed more near,
And fainter grown. She clasped her frightened boy
Unto her breast the while, and feared to hope.

So passed the day, in agony of thought,
Till lengthening shadows warned of coming night.
Then rose a cry of triumph,—more near it came—
And nearer still—'twas the Mengwe's hateful cry ;
An answering shout of bold defiance rose,
Hurled back with all the fierceness of despair—
That shout she knew,—her brothers' voices there
Were heard—and his—the father of her boy.

But nearer came the cries, and louder grew
The sound of strife—and then, with aching eyes,
Their weary forms she saw, with backward steps,
Retreating 'mong the rocks—and following near,
With desperate haste, came on the maddened foe.

They stood upon the bank—they saw her grief—
They saw her, frantic with her fear, enfold
More closely in her arms, her cherished boy,
As if to shield him from the cruel knife ;—
They saw—and quickly turned, by pity moved,
And felt their breasts with newer prowess swell.

Once more arose the cry of hot pursuit—
Once more they sprang to meet the toils of war ;
And, filled with giant energy, they fought
Unflinchingly. She saw the foemen fall,
As, one by one, the blows, resistless, smote
Them to the earth,—but, one by one, alas !
She saw her brothers fall among their slain ;—
And he alone, 'gainst fearful odds, still fought
Unscathed, till one, a man of mighty frame,
Alone remained. A while they stood—silent,
And looked upon each other fearfully,
With glaring eyes. Then Oneontha turned,
With hasty glance, and sought once more to nerve
His wearied arm, and feel his courage rise ;—
An instant turned—the scene that met his view
Roused all the man—the father, in his heart ;
And, like a lion wakened in his lair,
He forward sprang—fiercely impetuous,—
And, with mad energy, dashed him to earth ;
Then—as the panther, when she sees approach
The hardy hunter, to her helpless young,
Her bloody fangs displayed—upon him springs,—
So leaped upon him, careless of his strength,

And heeding not the knife, upraised to stay
In death the angry beatings of his heart.

The weapon missed its deadly aim, but tore
His naked flesh, and reeked with following blood.
Conooosa saw—she felt the bleeding wound—
Saw them upon the hard and pointed rocks,
In fierce contortions, writhe for mastery—
Then fell, a lifeless form, and holding still
Her boy in close embrace, forgot her wo.

Hours passed—and she awoke, as if from sleep;
Thro' parted leaves the lonely stars looked down
With pitying glances, from the clear blue vault
Of Heaven; around her hung the shades of night;
The cold and pitiless wind, with biting blasts,
Swept fiercely round her unprotected form,
And clogged her blood with frosty chains; the roar
Of waters still arose; all else was hushed
In awful silence. Thoughts of all her wo,
With fleeting shadows of her past delight,
In misty dimness passed before her mind,
And seemed a fearful dream. Wearied with thought
She closed her languid eyes and fell asleep—
Nor woke till crept again the early light
Upon the island, and among the leaves
From tuneful throats the feathered songsters raised
Their morning hymns. Then on the bank she saw—
Sad proof of boundless loss!—a fearful sight—
The senseless form of those who yesternorn,
So full of life, moved on to meet the foe.

Borne by her frail canoe, she reached the spot,
And gazed, with awful throbbings of her heart,
And saw the end of all her cherished hopes.
She sank beside him, where he lay outstretched,
And in the fondness of her frightened love,
Hung o'er him, heedless of the hateful form
That held him clinched in the stern embrace of hate,
And wept hot tears of grief too deep for cure.
Beside him then she drew her brothers' forms
With fainting strength, and bathed them with her tears,
Then o'er the three, and o'er their last slain foe,
With gathered fragments of enduring rock,
From day to day, she piled a common tomb.

One morning rose the lone and wretched one
From her sad rest, unblessed with balmy sleep,—
Arose to find fresh cause for grief, and know
The sorrows which a child-reft mother feels:
Stretched on his leafy couch, she found her boy
Silent, and cold, and motionless in death.
No gushing tears—no cry of agony—
No wildness of despair told to the sense,
That this last blow, which fell with withering force
Upon her mangled heart-strings, moved afresh
The tide of grief. Calmly she saw the tie,
The last that held her bound to hateful life,
Thus severed. Her mother hands hollowed a grave,
And placed within its bed, the little form,

Oft fondled ; then o'er it formed, with gathered boughs,
Rude shelter, and upraised a stony pile
To mark its couch, and foil the beasts of prey.

She was alone—no human form was near,
None, since that day had come, of friends or foes,
To break her solitude—she was alone
And sad ; in strong relief, 'gainst whelming wo,
Came bright winged thoughts of former happiness,
And, hovering, bade her with confiding faith,
Behold her loved ones richly blest, and free
To rove at will beneath the cloudless sky,
Or chase, in shady groves, the bounding deer,
Or urge their barks upon the broad expanse
Of crystal waves, in the "island of the blest."

Beholding them thus blest, she longed to share
Their pure delight, and in their sunny home
To dwell forever, mingling in their love:
Then burning thought displayed the shining path—
Opened for those alone of fearless heart
To tread—by which to reach that blest abode.

Her parted lips breathe the wild song of death,
Unfaltering ; and from her eyes shines forth
A noble light, and beams in every glance—
No frenzied fire, but the light of earnest hope :—
In trembling haste, she decks her wasted form
With simple gauds, her store of savage wealth :—
Next, with unflinching hand, the slender blade
She dips, and glides o'er darkly yawning depths,
With graceful swiftness and unbending course ;—
Then guides to swift destruction her frail bark,
With vigorous strokes urged on to swifter speed,
And seeks, in the mad waters, death and a grave.

The trembling thing, as conscious of its doom,
On either hand, from perilous contact turns,
With rugged rocks, and holds a devious way
Unharm'd awhile ; and o'er the angry sound
Of tumult raising waters, comes the song
Of death, in fainter accents, scarcely heard,
Till rings a thrilling shriek—its last wild note—
And all is over.

The parted waters seize
The victim, hurried to their lowest depths,
And close—nor leave a trace to mark her grave.

The Smithsonian Bequest.

AMONG the many whom the world has been pleased to call great, the number of those who have been of any lasting benefit to it, has indeed been small; while the pages of history teem with the names of heroes, who, amid the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," entailing countless miseries on mankind, have become renowned. And thus, we are so accustomed to view greatness in connection with display and excitement, that we are almost unwilling to acknowledge its existence without these. The devastation of kingdoms, the overthrowing of thrones, revolutions, and other extraordinary events, seem to be the only occasions upon which its possession can be made to appear. And acts of men, which work slowly and silently, from however high motives they may proceed, or fraught with however important results they may be, elicit little admiration for themselves, or praise for their authors. Under this class, we have often supposed, might be included the donations of those institutions, which have been established in this and other lands, for the promotion of the happiness of mankind, through the blessings of knowledge. Their influence acts silently, slowly, yet continually, and beneficially; and while we reap their advantages, we are too little mindful of our benefactors. Yet the endowment of any such institution, however narrow its sphere of influence, exhibits a character of mind in the donor worthy of our praise; and when we see an individual breaking through the trammels of prejudice, natural and educational, and embracing all mankind under a broad benevolence, what is wanting, that we should hesitate to bestow our admiration on his greatness? Such, we feel, is the character of him whose noble legacy to our country, is the subject upon which we would offer a few remarks.

James Smithson, who died at Genoa, in the year 1829, was a gentleman, who, while fortune had poured her treasures into his lap, was imbued with a public spirit, and displayed a wide philanthropy, such as the world has seldom beheld. Claiming noble parentage, and possessing wealth, yet economical in his habits, through life he devoted his attention to the acquisition of knowledge, giving much of his time to researches in physical and experimental science, to which his attention had first been directed, in the halls of "old Oxford." Thus having drunk deeply at the "Pierian spring," and wishing that the blessings, which he had so largely shared, might be offered to all, at his death, he bequeathed to the United States government, more than half a million of dollars, for the purpose, as expressed in his will, of "founding an institution at Washington, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men"—an object, which it is to be hoped, our government will continue to carry out as faithfully, as it was nobly conceived.

That one, who had been born in the very metropolis of England, who had been educated at Oxford, who had associated with the no-

bility of the land, and passed his life without once visiting the then only existing Republic in the world, should have made that very government the recipient of his wealth, and the guardian of his fame, may at first seem strange. But the mind of Smithson was searching, philosophical, and reflecting: not resting upon the surface of things, not swayed by prejudice, not looking at the present only, but holding in its far extending grasp the past, the present, and the future; noting the mutual relations of man and government, marking the changes in the one, which have always, and must always follow changes in the other; in fine, a mind ever busy in noting and tracing out the relation of cause and effect. And to such a mind it was evident, that this was the only government, under whose protecting arm his object could be accomplished. Should he have chosen his own country, England, as the appropriate country to be the guardian of such an institution, as would "increase and diffuse knowledge among men?" Such an institution, like the sensitive plant, can flourish but in a quiet atmosphere, and will shrink and shrivel at the first touch of violence. And though England was strong and calm in the possession of power, while her people were bound by ignorance, it would need but the diffusion of knowledge among her men, to shake her fabric to the base with convulsions, such as would engulf not only what was hateful, but much of what was estimable. There would have been little wisdom in the bestowal of the gift here, less policy in the reception. France had already shown the spirit of revolution among her people, and no doubt, to the sagacious mind, the then coming events, which have since happened, and indeed are still happening, "cast their shadows before." Also through the rest of Europe, if knowledge was diffused through the minds of men, their shackles would fall from them; and here also, revolution and commotion would be the result. However desirous such changes might be, as conducive to the establishment of freedom, it was at the same time to be wished, that an instrument which would be effective in bringing them about, should itself be secured from all damage. This could not be better done, than by the plan pursued. Since here, while knowledge among men is the foundation of our safety, its increase and diffusion will be most conducive to our power and quiet: and from hence, its influence will extend with unerring certainty, to those lands beyond the seas.

The legacy was secured and brought over to the United States; and Congress, pleased with the honor conferred upon our country, and the confidence placed in our government, set about fulfilling, to the best of their judgment, the obligation imposed. A charter was given, and an "establishment" organized, under whose directions, the building of the institution was to be reared, and the design of the founder carried forward.

"This 'establishment' consists of our chief functionaries, for the time being. The President—the Vice President—the Chief Justice—the heads of the six Executive departments—the Commissioner of the Patent Office—and the Mayor of Washington; together with a board

consisting of fifteen, known by the name of 'Regents,' chosen by the two Houses of Congress."

By the first board of Regents, the system of conducting the institution pursued at present, was adopted, as the one best suited for the attainment of the objects of the institution: yet it was not arrived at immediately, nor adopted without much deliberation. Indeed, it is strange to see the great number of projects, arising from the different ideas individuals had of the donor's intention, which were set forth by the members of the board, by members of Congress, and by persons who were called upon for their opinions. The academy was suggested, the college had its supporters, an university was considered a fine plan by some, others wished to have our country ornamented with the largest and finest library that ever was seen, while the foundation of an observatory was advocated by "The Old Man Eloquent," with his finest rhetoric and soundest arguments. The evident objection against all of which, was, that they would not be comprehensive enough to carry out the expressed designs of the institution. So, as we have said, the present system, embracing some of the parts of some of the preceding plans, while it possesses many peculiar to itself, was adopted, and is at present pursued.

That is, no regular professorships are established, but a fund is set aside for the employment of the most talented, to lecture on such subjects as are of importance and interest, their usefulness being the great criterion by which they are to be judged. A library containing the best productions of the greatest minds, is open for the perusal of every one who wishes to draw from its treasures. The laboratory furnishes the instruments and means to the philosopher and the chemist, by which he may reveal the arcana of nature, and point out new properties in the material world, by whose assistance man may advance still farther on the road of improvement, nations be more closely joined, and society more refined. The fine arts are here too, to find a home. And under the protection of such an institution, are we expecting too much, when we hope here may be established a school for the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, rivaling even those of the old world, and by whose advantages may be nourished an American Phidias, Zeuxis, or Michael Angelo, whose genius may shed a halo round their country's history, which will continue still to brighten, long after their country is no more. Here also is afforded a field of competition for the authors of our country, and of all countries, in the production of such works as shall be useful to society. And though it may be difficult to determine what productions shall fall under such a limit, yet certainly "yellow-backed nonsense, mediocrity in calf-skin, or ponderous volumes of learned dulness," will have to seek indulgence elsewhere. Dignified and interesting treatises, marked by deep thought and information, can alone expect to meet with the approval of the guardians of such an institution. And thus while it lops off a diseased, it nourishes a truly flourishing branch of literature—a department of literature in which strong minds will engage, and such as will be worthy the perusal of an intelligent, thinking people. The press also,

forms an important instrument in the general design. And as knowledge already acquired, is put into more interesting forms, or new discoveries are made, it sends them forth to refresh and enlighten the world.

A plan more comprehensive, or better suited to accomplish the stated design of the institution, could not, we think, have been adopted. And its very comprehensiveness is the argument in its favor. Knowledge might be increased, and, in a degree, diffused by other means; but in most supposable cases, it would not all be useful knowledge—and in none would it be so widely diffused, as it is under the present system. And the wider the influence of the institution does extend, the nearer does it come to the founder's evident intention, which, first of all, by the very reception of the legacy, our government promised to regard and carry out. The plan of the institution being finally fixed upon, the construction of a suitable building next engaged the attention of the Regents, the corner-stone of which, was laid on May-day, 1847, and is now fast approaching its completion, affording another subject for boasting, to a city already justly proud of her magnificent structures. The building, of that style of architecture known by the name of the Norman or Lombard, has an air well suited to the grave pursuits for which it is intended. And though exhibiting a variety in the forms of its parts, it presents to the eye, a whole, complete and impressive; while any additions which may be hereafter required; will not detract from the general effect. The extensive grounds around the building, though now laid out, time alone can decorate. But when in after years, age shall have hallowed the institution, and the forest trees shall have wrapt it in their shade, it will have few equals in the world for classic beauty and interest.

Thus we have given a sketch, we feel a most imperfect one, of an institution, which, we think, is destined to exert an influence far and wide in the world, and to mark our country especially with the impress of its character. Neglect of its interests by ourselves and our government, is the only evil to guard against. And as we would be benefited by its advantages, or escape the everlasting disgrace of faithlessness to a sacred trust, as a people, we should cherish and sustain it by our warmest support. When we have done this, and its silent influence has diffused itself among all men, making them better and happier, the obligation assumed by us will be fulfilled, while future generations will forever praise the honored name of James Smithson.

N.

Obituary.

TRULY, "The silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken!" The circle of our college community has been once more invaded by death, and the Class of '51 is called for the second time, to mourn the departure of one beloved for his virtues, and admired for his superior talents. The announcement of Holmes's death, though anticipated with painful suspense by those who knew his situation, and expected with fear and trembling by all, came upon us with a suddenness, that sent a pang of grief to every heart.

Consumption, that fatal destroyer, whose traces were distinctly visible in his pallid countenance and feeble step, long before he was separated from us, had done its work, and his manly form, so familiar to us all, was laid low in death.

Sad indeed were the countenances, and sadder the hearts of his Classmates, as they assembled to pay some proper tribute to the memory of "the departed;" and many an "eye unused to weep," moistened with an involuntary tear, as the thought forced itself upon the mind of each, that Holmes was no more. Severe is the affliction; but we can rejoice that we "sorrow not as those which have no hope."—Though mourning his loss, and heartily sympathizing with the family so deeply bereaved, we would not recall him, were it in our power, to this world of sorrow and suffering. So happily he passed away, that we may say with the poet,

"There is no death! what seems so, is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

In his entire character, he was well worthy of our imitation. Of a manly bearing, courteous and kind in his intercourse with all, eminent as a scholar, and excelled by few as a speaker, he gathered about him a circle of warm and admiring friends, to whom he became endeared by the strongest ties, and who now bitterly lament his untimely death. He never had an enemy; and though sometimes of necessity engaged in the conflicts of College life, he never cherished the animosities of party spirit. Naturally ardent and aspiring, he looked forward with bright hopes to the future, and labored, alas, beyond his strength, to prepare himself for usefulness in life. Finally, when he saw disease approaching, and threatening to force him from his College studies, he gave up the contest not without a struggle, and yielded reluctantly to the hand of the destroyer. But in the hour of death, he submitted with Christian resignation and cheerfulness, anxiously longing for a release from bodily suffering, and an entrance into the joys of Heaven.

X***.

At a meeting of his Class, held on the 19th of July, 1850, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

Whereas, God in his allwise Providence has removed from us by death, our classmate and friend, Benj. F. Holmes, of Monson, Mass.,—therefore,

Resolved, That, while we recognize the mournful hand of our Heavenly Father in the disposal of all events, yet we deeply deplore the loss of one whose superior talents and amiable qualities, had gained for him the respect and esteem of all his associates.

Resolved, That our sympathies as a Class be extended to the parents and relatives of our deceased brother, with the earnest prayer on our part, that the example of a life so honorable, and a death so triumphant as his, may not be lost to them or to us.

Resolved, That as an expression of our grief for the loss we have sustained, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, signed by the officers of this meeting, be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the press for publication.

E. N. TAFT, *Chairman*.

A. HEBARD, *Sec'y*.

Editor's Table.

R. F. M.

Pro re pauca loquar.—*Virg.*

"One foot of solid ground

Is worth a wilderness of swelling waves."—*Dante*.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE June number of the "Jefferson Monument Magazine, conducted by the students of the University of Virginia," and the July number of the "Judicator, conducted by the students of Amherst College," have been received. We like their appearance, and most heartily wish them success. The "Mounment" has just completed its first volume, while the "Judicator" has lately entered upon its third.

PRESENTATION DAY.

We had prepared an extended notice of the exercises, especially of the Valedictory Poem and Oration, but other matter prevents its insertion.

The Poem, by J. I. I. ADAMS, although liable to severe criticism, is highly creditable both to its author and the Class of '50. It contains many passages of rare merit, and, upon the whole, may be regarded as decidedly superior to the average of productions of a similar character.

Of the Oration, by C. J. HILLYER, we cannot speak too highly. Perhaps never in Yale has a more brilliant specimen of composition been furnished by a student.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 06830 2358

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

IS CONDUCTED BY

The Students of Yale College.

It is published monthly, during the collegiate terms. Nine numbers complete an annual Volume.

Terms.—\$2.00 a volume, *payable on the receipt of the first number*. Single copies, 25 cents.

Communications or remittances may be addressed to the "EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE," New Haven, Conn.

¶ The FIFTEENTH VOLUME commenced with October, 1849.